

Eaghupati

Jaising.

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The road is straight before
me.

With an alms-bowl in hand
and the
beggar girl as my sweetheart
I shall
walk on. Who says that the
world's

ways are difficult ? , Anyhow
we reach
the end,—the end where air
laws and
rules are no more, where the
errors

and hurts of life are
forgotten, where
is rest, eternal rest. What is
the use

of scriptures, and the teacher
and his
instructions ?—My master, my
father,

what wild words are these of
mine ?

I was living in a dream. There
stands

the temple, cruel and
immovable as

truth. What was your order,
my

teacher ? I have not
forgotten it.

(Bringing out the knife.) I am
sharp-

ening your words in my
mind, till

they become one with this
knife in